It will not be auoided but this:
Therefore good mother (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my loue to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I haue bene,
Not by desertes, but what I will deserue,
Vrge the necessitie and state of times,
And be not pieuish, fond in great designes.
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the diuell thus.
King. I, if the diuell tempt thee to doe good.
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.
King. I, if your selfes remembrance, wrong your selfe.
Qu. But thou didst kill my children.
King. But in your daughters wombe, I buried them,
Where in that nest of spicerie they shall breed,
Selfes of themselues, to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall I go winne my daughter to thy will.
King. And be a happie mother by the deede.
Qu. I goe, write to me verie shortlie.
King. Beare her my true loues kisse, farewell. *Exit.*
Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*
Rat. My gracious Soueraigne on the westerne coast,
Rideth a puissant Nauie. To the shore,
Throng manie doubtfull hollow harted friendes,
Vnarmd, and vnresolud to beate them backe:
Tis thought that Richmond is their admirall,
And there they hull, expecting but the aide,
Of Buckingham, to welcome them a shore.
King. Some light-foote friend, post to the Duke of Norff.
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or Catesbie, where is hee?
Cat. Here my Lord.
King. Flie to the Duke, post thou to Salisburie,
When thou comst there, dull vnmindfull villaine,
Whie standst thou still? and goest not to the Duke.
Cat. First mightie Soueraigne, let me know your minde,
What, from your grace, I shall deliuer them.
King. O, true good Catesbie, bid him leuie straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meete me presentlie at Salisburie.

Rat.

Rat. What is it your highnes ple
King. Whie? what wouldst thou
Rat. Your highnes told me I she
King. My mind is changd sir, m
How now, what newes with you?
Enter Darbi
Dar. None good my Lord, to p
Nor none so bad, but it may well b
King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither go
Why doest thou runne so many mi
When thou maist tell thy tale a nee
Once more, what newes?
Dar. Richmond is on the Seas.
King. There let him sinke, and b
White liuerd runnagate, what doet
Dar. I know not mightie Souera
King. Well sir, as you guesse, as
Dar. Sturd vp by Dorset, Buckin
He makes for England, there to cla
King. Is the chaire emptie? is the
Is the king dead? the Empire vnpo
What heire of Yorke is there aliue
And who is Englands King, but gre
Then tell me, what doeth he vpon
Dar. Vnlesse for that my liege, I
King Vnlesse for that, he comes
You cannot guesse, wherefore the
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him *I* fe
Dar. No mightie liege, therefor
King Where is thy power then?
Where are thy tennants? and thy f
Are they not now vpon the Weste
Safe conducting, the rebels from th
Dar. No my good Lord, my fri
King. Cold friends to Richard,
When they should serue, their Sou
Dar. They haue not bin comma
Please it your Maiestie to giue me l

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